



MAD

No.
232
Aug.
'81

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MAD

NUMBER ONE IN A FIELD OF ONE

"'Economics' is the study that tells you that the best time to buy anything was six months ago!"—Alfred E. Neuman

William M. Gaines *publisher* Albert B. Feldstein *editor*
 Leonard Brenner, Tom Nozkowski *production*
 Nick Meglin *senior editor* John Ficarra *associate editor*
 Contributing Artists and Writers
the usual gang of idiots

BRITISH EDITION

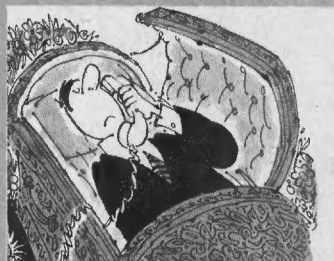
RON LETCHFORD *publisher and editor*
 BABS LETCHFORD *associate editor*
 CLIVE CHARLES *subscriptions*

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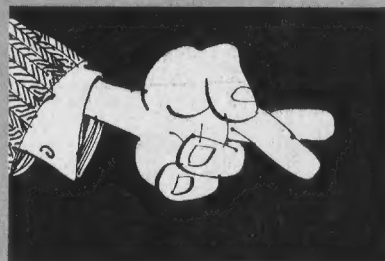
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WHY KILL YOURSELF?



**JUST
BECAUSE YOU MISSED THE
LAST ISSUE
AT THE NEWSSTAND?**

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OF**

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Thurmaston, Leicester.

LETTERS DEPT.



MAD MAIL

Dear Mad,

Who thought up the name Alfred E
Neuman and what does the 'E' stand for?
R. Bradford
Deckham.

*Alfred was discovered by the U.S.A.'s
original editor, Harvey Kurtzman and the
name was taken from a U.S. Radio show
running in those days (1954) which fea-
tured a character called Alfred Newman.
Kurtzman used the name but misspelled it
and added an E for good luck! When the
present U.S. Editor, Al Feldstein took
over, he adopted Alfred as a regular
feature on our covers and he's been there
ever since. So, we can't tell you what the
'E' stands for... any suggestions?*

Dear Mad,

Just what in God's name are you trying
to do to me? What do you put **Various
Places Around The Magazine at the foot
of page 3 for? Please tell me because if
you don't I will end up where JR thinks
his wife is fit for!
Bobby Fidderman.

*That's what we like about our readers...
well, some of them. They really show that
they're on the ball! Listen here Bobby, if
you look closely at the Marginal Thinking
Department heading you'll see that there
isn't a page number, merely two little **!
If we listed every page that Aragones
appeared on we would have to print
another page.*

Dear Mad,

Please put me out of my misery. What
does 'Gesundheit' mean?
Rober Rands
Chepstow.

*It's a Jewish expression meaning 'Good
Health'—usually said after someone has
sneezed!*

Dear Mad,

I thought I would never read anything
as hilarious as what comes out of the Don
Martin department each month but Don
Edwing's 'A Basket Case High Upon
The 37th Floor' in issue 228 had me thin-
king again.
M.D. Stewart
Bradford.

HELP

Dear Mad,

Can anyone help with issues 168, 181
and 195?
N. Cumberland
Chapelfield Nurseries
Hemingborough, Nr. Selby
N. Yorks.

Dear Mad,

I have the following issues for sale, 203
to 228 plus 175, 180, 182, 185, 188, 191,
193 and 194. Also some P/Backs.
Ralph Livock
17 Shore Road, Little Bisham,
Blackpool FY5 1PF.

Dear Mad,

I have copies 190 to 225 available,
write to:
M. Lloyd
107 Wythburn Gdns
Estover
Plymouth, Devon.

Dear Mad,

I need copy of No. 27 in good nick—
am prepared to swop 20 copies for it.
Nos. 85, 94, 106, 111, 156, 158, 176, 178
to 185, and 187 to 191.
B. Kulawy
30 Montefiore Rd.
Hove, E. Sussex.

Dear Mad,

I have the following for sale to MAD
readers Paperbacks: Utterly Mad, The
Brothers MAD, The Mad Reader, Bed-
side MAD, Son of MAD, Mad Strikes
Back and Inside MAD. I also have
French issue No.1, Swedish issue No.8
and US issue No.99.
Keith Moran
127 Arnshead Rd.
Werrington,
Stoke on Trent,
Staffs.

Dear Mad,

I need MAD 146 and will swop No.34!
Interested readers contact:
Ken Wilfort
77 Hookland Rd.
Porthcawl,
Mid. Glam.
S. Wales.

Dear Mad,

I would like to swop issue 134 and a
MAD Paperback 'Inside MAD' for
issues of MAD 165 and 177. I also need
issues 178, 181, 183 and 195.
R Bradford
8 Highcliffe Gdns
Deckham, Gateshead
Tyne & Wear.

Communications should be sent to:
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43/44 Great Windmill Street, (3rd Floor)
London, W1V 7PA

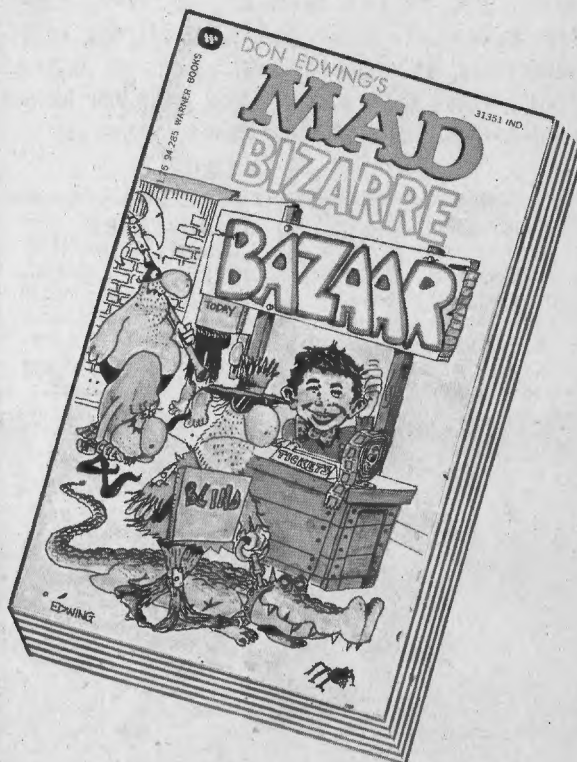
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of the rain!



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| 213 Vague-\$ | 225 The Dopes of Haphazzard |

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MAD Magazines have a habit of ending up in the dustbin or around a supply of fish and chips! Just make sure these fine examples of total rubbish are kept for posterity by using a binder. Each binder holds 12 copies and is yours for £3.00 each including VAT plus 50p for postage and packing. Simulated leather finish in Red with Gold blocked MAD on spine.

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MUCHO DE NIRO DEPT.

For as long as we can remember, the plot of a "Fight Picture" was usually very simple. An underprivileged kid starts in the gutter, and blasts his way to the top. Then, along comes the first major Fight Picture of the '80's, and what do we get: an underprivileged kid starts in the gutter, and blasts his way to the sewer! Boy, Hollywood has given us our fair share of "anti-heroes" in the past, but now make way for the "anti-anti-anti hero" affectionately known as the . . .

RAVI

Wow! This is the greatest fight of 1941!

Look at that! A White man and a Black man, together in the same ring, beatin' each other's brains out!

Yeah! Who said integration would never work!?

That Jerk LaMutha ain't HUMAN! He's never been knocked off his feet!!

He's never BEEN off his feet —period!! He even SLEEPS standing up!!

Are you sure?? Only horses sleep standing up!

Trust me! He once spent two weeks in my stable!

They promised me a crack at LaMutha, but first I gotta win a couple of real easy warm-up fights!

Yeah . . . ? With who? The Japs and the Nazis!

Kill the friggin' bum, Jerk! Hit the frig right in his friggin' mouth!!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

I can't believe it, Shmoey! It —it's my first loss! I dropped the decision!!

Big deal! So you lost! You gotta act like a MAN! You gotta do what's expected of you!

I guess you're right!

Okay! Now beat up the Referee and the two Judges and let's go!



What's wrong with Jerk these days, Shmoey?

Why? He's his usual self! Mean, rotten, foul-mouthed and disgusting!

Yeah!!? How come he won't let the Mob buy into him? Why won't he throw fights?

Okay!! Okay!! Gee . . . I never said he was PERFECT



NG BULLY

I've never heard such language in my entire life!!

"Friggin' " is dirty!! They use worse language than that on Saturday Morning TV Cartoons!

For MAD Magazine it's dirty! Remember the good old days when MAD used to use "☆☆☆☆" instead of curse words! They've sure come a long way!!

Using "friggin' " instead of ☆☆☆☆ is some long way! On a flight from New York to L.A., that's like a forced landing in Jersey City!!

Hey, Jerk!! Destroy the friggin' bum!

Tear the friggin' crud apart!!

FRIGGIN' FRIGGIN'! That's all I hear! Enough already with that vile, disgusting word!!

KILL the @ # & + % \$ @ + bum! Knock his @ # \$ % & head off!!

Hey, who are you?!

The Editor of MAD Magazine ... just taking a little trip down Memory Lane!!



WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Of all the guys in The Bronx, I had to marry you! Look at you! You ain't a man! You're an animal!!

An animal?! Hey, you friggin' broad! Don' ever call me an animal again! I may be just a pug, but I got pride and dignity! I ain't no animal!!

Okay! Okay! Now ... how do you want your meat ... ? Raw, as usual!?

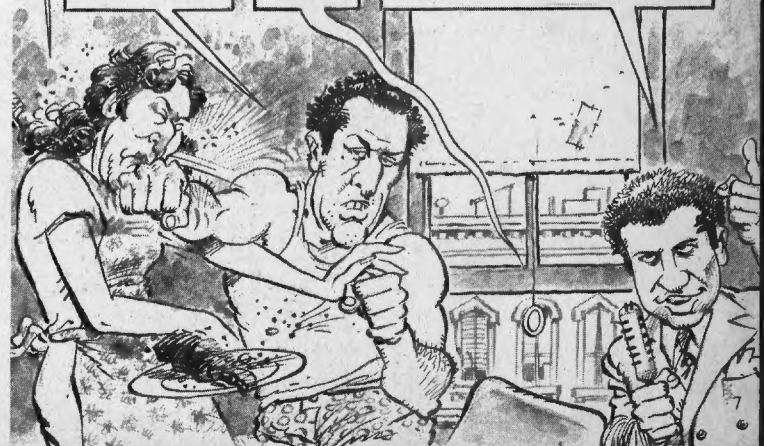
Yeah! With maybe a li'l Gravy Train on the side!

Okay, here's your meat, Meat Head!

You call this RAW!?! Here's a KNUCKLE SANDWICH for YOUR supper!!

Hey, you two! What's goin' ON up there?

I'LL tell you what's goin' on here, fight fans! Jerk lands a left to the eye an' the broad counters with a hard right to the ribs! Two quick jabs from Jerk sends her reeling, an' he closes in for the finish! Her legs are wobbly! She's down!!



Hey, Shmoey! Spare us the blow-by-blow, and just give us the RESULTS, okay...?!

It's Jake... by a knockout!

I don't believe it! The old lady probably took a dive! She could KILL that bum if she wanted!

You're an idiot for beatin' up on your Wife like that, Jerk! That's the worst thing you can do!

Why?? 'Cause she may pack up an' leave me??

No, cause you got a fight with Sugar Ray comin' up, an' you might ruin your hands!

Gee... I wish I cared about people the way YOU do, Shmoey!

It's somethin' you're either born with, or you ain't! From now on, use that CLUB I got you for your Wedding Present!!

Shmoey, you wanna do me a big favor? Start punchin' me in the face as hard as you can!

Anything you say, Jerk...

SPLATT

SOX

BAM

I know it gets boring between fights, Jerk, but one of these days you GOTTA learn how to collect stamps or paint by the numbers... like OTHER people!

Ain't this better than being punched in the face???

Yeah, it's great! A modern swimming pool... right in the heart of The Bronx! But, when does it get filled up with water???

Any minute now! It looks like rain!

Shmoey, who's that sexy blonde over there?

Her name is Vixen! But keep away from her, Jake! I hear she's big trouble!

Hi! If you ain't doin' nuthin', whaddya say we kinda go over t' my place, have a couple of drinks, an' see what happens?

Well-I-I...

Uh-O-KAY!

Boy, if there's ONE thing I CAN'T STAND, it's a TEASE!



Pretty classy place, huh? But it's a little cluttered! I gotta throw some things out!

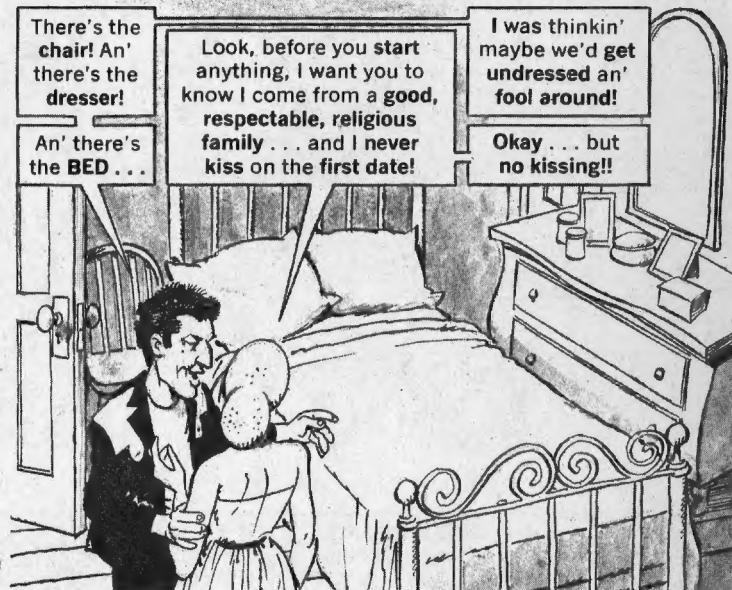
Le'me show you around, okay? This is my stove! This is my refrigerator!

This is my sink! What's THIS?

This is his WIFE!

That's the FIRST THING I gotta throw out!

GOD BLAST OUR HOME



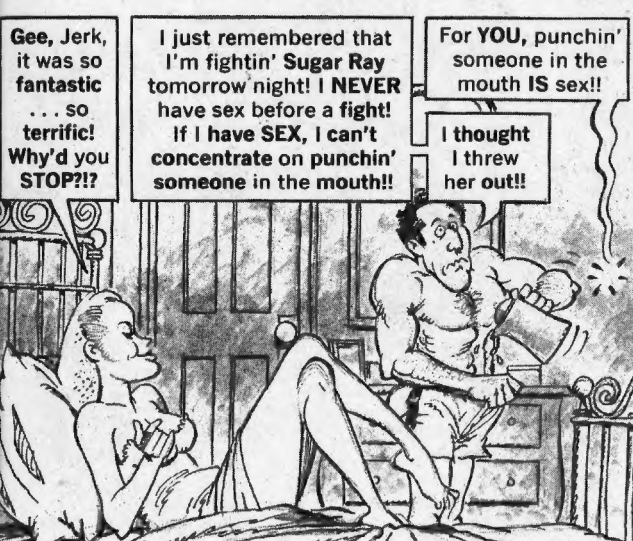
There's the chair! An' there's the dresser!

An' there's the BED ...

Look, before you start anything, I want you to know I come from a good, respectable, religious family ... and I never kiss on the first date!

I was thinkin' maybe we'd get undressed an' fool around!

Okay ... but no kissing!!

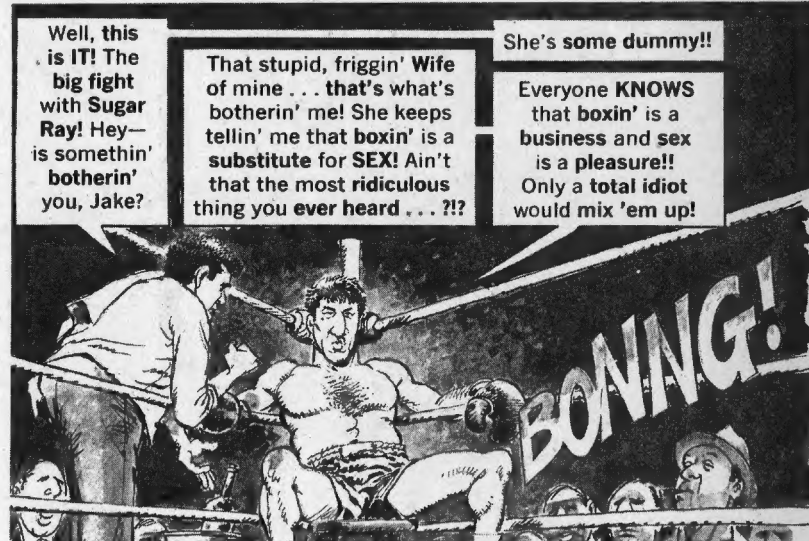


Gee, Jerk, it was so fantastic ... so terrific! Why'd you STOP?!!

I just remembered that I'm fightin' Sugar Ray tomorrow night! I NEVER have sex before a fight! If I have SEX, I can't concentrate on punchin' someone in the mouth!!

For YOU, punchin' someone in the mouth IS sex!!

I thought I threw her out!!

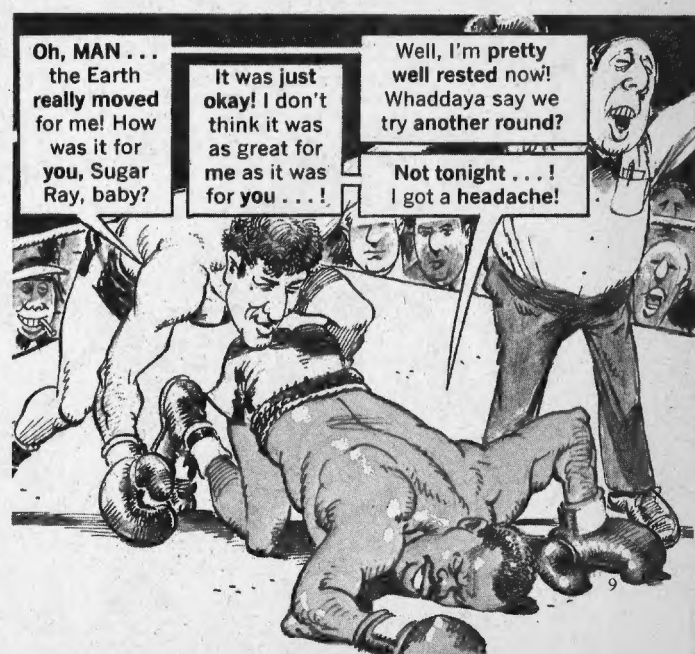
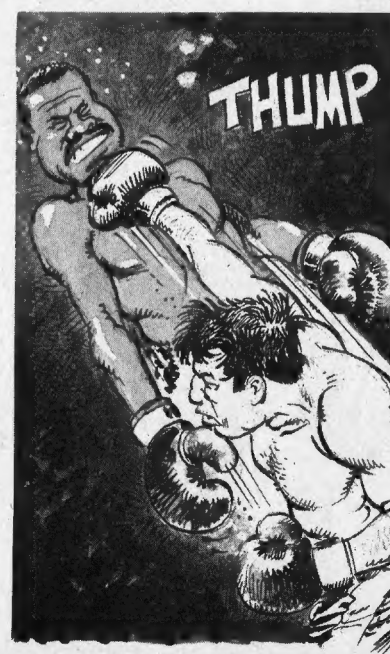


Well, this is IT! The big fight with Sugar Ray! Hey--is somethin' botherin' you, Jake?

That stupid, friggin' Wife of mine ... that's what's botherin' me! She keeps tellin' me that boxin' is a substitute for SEX! Ain't that the most ridiculous thing you ever heard ... ???

She's some dummy!!

Everyone KNOWS that boxin' is a business and sex is a pleasure!! Only a total idiot would mix 'em up!



Oh, MAN ... the Earth really moved for me! How was it for you, Sugar Ray, baby?

It was just okay! I don't think it was as great for me as it was for you ...!

Well, I'm pretty well rested now! Whaddaya say we try another round?

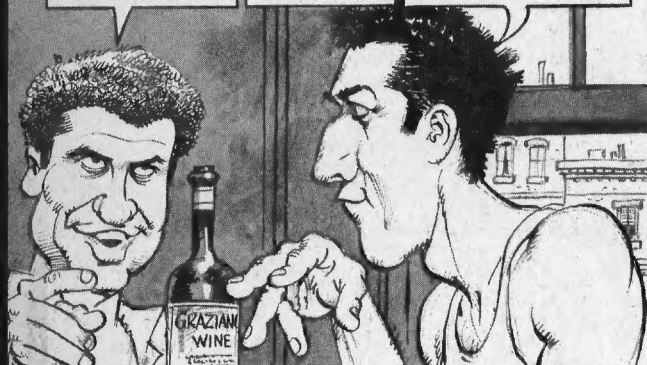
Not tonight ...! I got a headache!

Great news, Jerk!
I finally got you
that Title Fight
with Cerdan! But
there's a catch!
First, you gotta
fight some bum
an' take a dive!

WHAT?! Are
you kiddin'?!
I never took
no dive in
my life, an'
I ain't gonna
start now!!

Listen, there's a
HUNDRED GRAND
in it for you!!

Whaddaya want . . . ?
A swan . . . ? A jack-
knife . . . ? I do a
great belly-whop!!



BOOOO! HISS!!

FIX!! FIX!

You're
a BUM,
LaMutha!

Would you
explain
something
to me . . . ?

Sure! Just
axe me . . .

How is LaMutha gonna
remain the Number One
Contender by losing
this fight? Wouldn't
the guy who **BEATS**
him then become the
Number One Contender?

Maybe **ROBERTO
DURAN** is his
strategist!
It's obvious
you don't
understand the
Fight Game!!

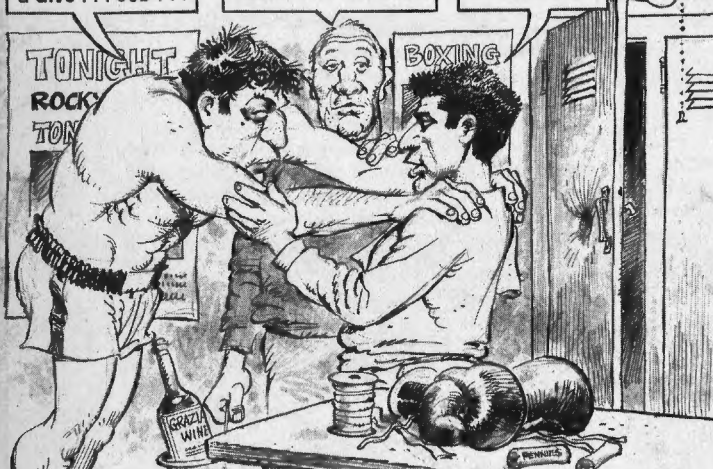


I lost it, Shmoey!
I coulda killed
'im an' I lost it!
I threw it! I took
a dive . . . sob . . .

This is only the
second time in his
life I seen him cry!

When was the first?

The time he
threw a left
hook at our
Mother . . .
an' MISSED!



The years sure fly by fast, eh Jerk?
You finally became **Champ**! You got a
divorce, and you married **Vixen**! An'
I got married, too! Ain't everythin'
great?! What can possibly spoil it?

Off-hand, I can think
of a couple of things!
Like f'rinstance, if
your Wife ever catches
you with **THIS broad**!!



SPEAKIN'
of foolin'
aroun', do
you think
Vixen is
cheatin'
on me . . . ?

Look, you been buggin'
me for days with that
jealousy crap! I tell
you she ain't foolin'
aroun'! What makes
you think she is?

The way every-
body looks at
her and seems
to know her!
Like **THOSE**
guys, for
example . . .

Hi, there, Vixen!

How's it goin'?

What's
cookin',
Baby?



For God's Sake,
Jerk! One of
those guys is a
PRIEST! The
other is **GAY**!!

Yeah, but look
how the **THIRD**
ONE is look-
in' at her!!

That's
"**COCKEYED**"
CAVELLO!!
He's lookin'
at ME!!





I STILL think she's foolin' aroun'! Last week, when she got back from Atlantic City, she had this **DOPEY GRIN** on her face . . . like she'd had plenty of **SEX**!

You friggin' idiot! **YOU** were with her in Atlantic City!! You were on your **HONEYMOON**!

And I **NEVER TOUCHED** her!! I **TOLD** you she was foolin' aroun'!!



Okay, you dirty two-timing broad!! Where **WERE** you?! Who were you **MESSIN' AROUN'** with?!? "**HOT LIPS**" **HOROWITZ**? "**LOVER BOY**" **LUNDIGAN**?! "**ROMEO**" **RICOTTA**?!

F'r cryin' out loud!! I jus' took out the **GARBAGE**!! I was gone a minute and a half!



You gotta stop wearin' yourself out like this, Jerk! Listen . . . you got a big **return match** with **Sugar Ray** comin' up! You gotta **concentrate** on that! You promise me you're gonna **concentrate** on nothin' but the **Sugar Ray** fight?

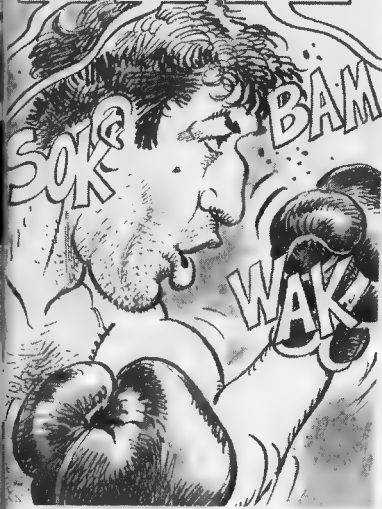
Okay . . . I promise . . .



Way to go, Jerk!!

He's in terrific form!

I never **SEEN** him so sharp!!



Now, you do that to **SUGAR RAY**, and you're a **shoo-in**!!

You friggin' tramp! Take that n' that! **THIS** will teach you to cheat on **ME**!

I **AIN'T** cheatin' on you, you damn fool!!

Yes you are! C'mon! Tell me **WHO** you been cheatin' with, or I'll **KILL** ya . . . !

Okay, you really wanna know? I'll tell you! I been cheatin' with **Clark Gable**, **John Wayne**, **Haile Selassie**, **Pres. Truman**, and your own brother, **Shmoey**!

My God! A friggin' **ORGY**!!



You idiot!! Can't you see she's **JOKING**?!! I ain't cheatin' on you! Don't you think I got any **family loyalty**? I would **NEVER** cheat on my **Brother** . . . !!

That's **RIGHT**! I'm married to him, and I know **Shmoey** better than **ANYBODY**! He would **NEVER** cheat on his **Brother**! On his **WIFE**, maybe, but never his **Brother**!

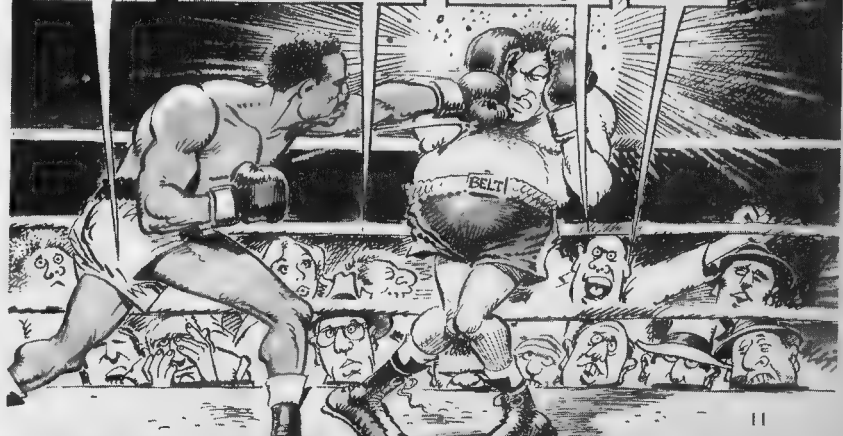


Boy, that **LaMutha** sure made a **MESS** out of his life!

Yeah! His own **Brother** walked out on him, his **Wife** hardly talks to him, and now, **Sugar Ray** is poundin' the crap out of him!

And look at the **SHAPE** he's in! You can't tell **ME** he's a **Middleweight**!

No?!! Take another look at his **middle**!



Y'know, Viven, I think I been hit in the head too many times! Here I am in a **black an' white** film—lookin' at home movies of us in Florida after I retire, an' they look like they're **IN COLOR!!**

Yeah! You think **THAT's** strange?! How about a **black and white** film with a **color** home-movie sequence in a **black an' white** **MAGAZINE?!?**



Since I retired from the ring and opened up this night club, things have been great! Plenty of **booze, broads and food** ... and lots of laughs!

Man, he musta put on **200 pounds!**

There's a rumor he's goin' into **Show Business!** Is it true he's gonna do "**The Odd Couple**"?!?

Yeah ... he's gonna play the **TITLE ROLE!**



Well, folks, I hate to eat an' waddle, but Vixen's waitin' for me out in the car! We've had our **problems** through the years, but she's been **loyal** to me ... right to the end ...!

Yeah ... she stuck by him through **thick an' THICKER!**

Hi, Hon! **Sorry** I'm so late ...

It don' matter no more, Jerk! It's all over! I'm leavin' you! **Forever!**

Look ... I'm **sorry** I've accused you of cheatin' on me all these years! I was wrong!

No, you were right! I **WAS** cheatin'! I been seein' someone on the side all along!!

What are you talking about?!

He's **everything** you ain't! He's sensitive and sweet and loved and respected!

Yeccccch!

Sounds to me like you been seein' a **COLLEGE PROFESSOR!**



Next to **YOU**, he **IS** a College Professor!!

Come back, Vixen! Please come back!

He's just another pug! What can HE give you I can't?

Well, for one thing: **financial security!!**

He's got at least **FIVE MORE "Fight Pictures"** in HIM!!

Hollywood's got about as much chance of making some more money on a fat creep like **YOU** with a sequel than they got making a sequel to "**The Attack Of The Killer Tomatoes**"!



A BIG HAND FOR LITTLE FEATS DEPT.

If you ever read the "Guinness Book Of World Records," you know that it lists accomplishments like "Coin Snatching," "Custard Pie Throwing" and "Smoke Ring Blowing." They even have records for "Hot Water Bottle Bursting" and "Onion Peeling," and they tell of a man who was struck by lightning 7 times. Well, all this makes entertaining reading, but it doesn't have very much to do with our everyday world. It's time, MAD feels, that we honored those achievements of the ordinary men, women and children living their ordinary lives. In other words, here are some of the marvelous accomplishments that might be recorded

IF THE GUINNESS BOOK OF WORLD RECORDS DEALT WITH EVERYDAY LIFE

ARTIST: PAUL COKER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

THE GREATEST CONSECUTIVE NUMBER OF BLIND DATES

is 33, experienced by Melvin Sterling of Keswick, Cumbria. Of the 33, the most disastrous one was the last one, which led to his marriage.



THE LONGEST TEMPER TANTRUM

was thrown by Billy Walker, 7, of Esher, Surrey, after being refused a third Biccys by his mother, July 1, 1979. Billy screamed and beat his fists on his Teddy Bear for 8 hours 4 minutes, breaking the old mark set by David Jones, of Bangor, Wales, who cried and stomped for 7 hours, 27 minutes, after not being allowed to see "Star Wars" for the fortieth time.



THE MOST PIECES OF JUNK MAIL RECEIVED IN 1 WEEK

is 903 ... by Morton Occupant of St. Ives, Cornwall.



THE MOST DELICIOUS MEAL EATEN ON A DOMESTIC AIRLINE

was enjoyed by Frank Argly on a United Airlines flight from New York City to Los Angeles, July 12, 1977. The food was prepared by Argly's wife, Wanda, and carried on board by him in a paper bag. Argly, incidentally, is the holder of the record for The Only Delicious Meal Eaten On A Domestic Airline, as well.



THE WORST TASTE IN CLOTHING

was exhibited by Eric Nurdly, of Epping, Essex, in June 1976. Nurdly wore a used 1958 orange and blue warm-up jacket, plaid pants in clashing shades of purple and red, and sandal shoes to his school open-day, his Mother's funeral, his own wedding, and the local Burger King. Naturally, he was barred from entering on each occasion.



THE MOST EXPENSIVE SIX-BLOCK TAXI RIDE

was taken by Zynam Lupescu, a Rumanian tourist, while visiting New York City. Mr. Lupescu hailed a cab on E. 33rd Street and got out on E. 39th Street 11 hours and 50 minutes later, after being driven all through Brooklyn, the Bronx and parts of Staten Island. Mr. Lupescu paid the meter fare of \$171.10 ... after which he was roundly cursed out by the angry taxi driver for tipping a lousy \$15.



THE LONGEST WAIT FOR A DATE

is 5 hours 14 minutes, endured by Cecil Tergid of Birmingham, W. Midlands. On May 3rd, 1970 Tergid came to pick up Betty Sue Fingus, then waited in his Cortina while she changed outfits seven times, experimented with four hair styles, replaced her false eyelashes, manicured her nails, tried five different shades of lipstick, and shaved her legs before she showed up. The evening was spent bowling.



THE MOST SHORT-LIVED ROCK GROUP

was "The Smelling Salts," made up of three guitar players and a drummer in East Lansing, Michigan. The group was organized at 11:34 P.M., October 3rd, 1974, and disbanded 5 minutes later after two members were arrested on drug charges, and a third named in a paternity suit.



THE MOST TELEPHONE RINGS DURING 1 CALL

occurred February 5 1978, when Jasper Forelock of Seaton, Devon, woke up with a 105° fever, and phoned his Doctor. After exactly 278 rings, the call was finally picked up ... by the Doctor's Answering Service.



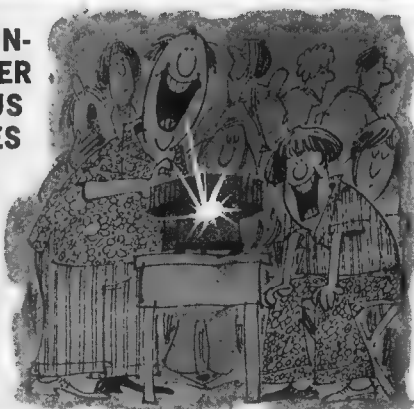
THE GREATEST GENERATION GAP

was experienced by Walter Crunlick, 47, and his son Mark, 17, in 1969. During a 172-day period, the two disagreed violently about 274 political, economic, social, moral, religious and environmental issues. The one issue they agreed on—Korean Fishing Rights—they refused to discuss.



THE LARGEST CONSECUTIVE NUMBER OF OUT-OF-FOCUS VACATION SLIDES

is 97, shown to a group of neighbours by Ben and Harriet Bland of Bradford, West Yorks, following their 2-week trip to Wigan, Lancs. Of the 97 slides, 63 were shown upside-down.



THE LEAST SUCCESSFUL HAIRPIECE

was worn by Byron Emberton, of Westward Hol, Devon, who, during a seven hour period on March 10th 1976, was mocked, laughed at, snickered over, and humiliated by 27 people, including his wife, their six children, the P.O. delivery man, and their family parrot. Emberton exchanged his hairpiece for another ... shortly thereafter setting the record for "The Second Least Successful Hairpiece".



THE MOST MONEY SPENT ON A WOMAN WITHOUT MAKING OUT

is \$55,897.45, by Preston Urquahr of Baltimore, Maryland, during his crush on Evangeline Steegbarrow. The couple dated 113 times, during which they'd held hands twice . . . both times gloved. Although Miss Steegbarrow was fond of Preston, she'd just never felt right about "starting a relationship."



THE BEST-FAKED HIGH SCHOOL EXAM

was a 7-page essay on the war of 1812, written in class by Harry Robinson, 17, of Egham, Surrey, on October 22, 1961. Harry received an A+, despite his not having the slightest idea of what the war was all about. His success inspired him to enter into Politics after graduation.



THE MOST CANS OF BEER DRUNK WITHOUT GOING TO THE JOHN

is 17, by Roger Mulvaney while watching a crucial cup match in a tavern in Belfast, N. Ireland, on October 2nd, 1972. After finishing off the 17th can, Mulvaney raced to the John, and came within 3 paces of making it.



THE LONGEST AMOUNT OF TIME SPENT IN A RESTAURANT WITHOUT SEEING ONE'S WAITER

is 2 hours, 11 minutes, by Darlene and Henry Undershot at the Blue Gull Bar And Grill in Lincoln, Nebraska. When the waiter finally did show up, he calmly informed the couple that they were too late for "The \$6.95 Early Bird Special Dinner."



THE MOST HOURS SPENT IN PSYCHIATRIC THERAPY WITHOUT PROGRESS

is 1,178, by George Quillcross of Joplin, Missouri. Of these, 1,161 were spent analyzing, with no success, a dream in which Quillcross was totally encased in a giant marshmallow.



THE WORST COMPUTER FOUL-UP

occurred on November 30th in 1977, when Elvira Fosdick, 91, of Sun City, Arizona, was delivered seven thousand copies of "Gay Sex Magazine." Mrs. Fosdick was prepared to complain to the Post Office when she discovered that her husband, Sid, 94, enjoyed reading them.



THE LONGEST WAIT FOR A BUS IN MILD WEATHER

is 5 hours, 30 minutes, endured by H. Foster Tendrill, of Blackpool, Lancs, on August 22, 1978. Tendrill waited at a designated bus-stop as sixteen No. 3 buses, none of them more than half-filled, passed him by. In desperation, Tendrill then lay down in the path of the seventeenth bus . . . which ran him over.

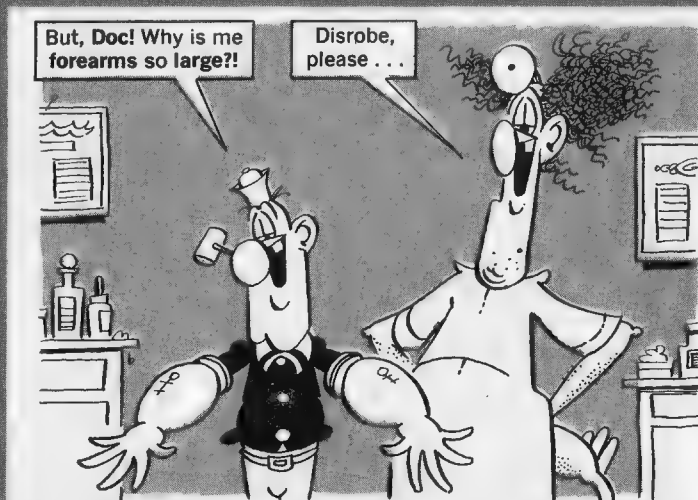


THE MOST OBSCENE CALLS

is 2,378, received by Francine P. Furdolino, of Austin, Texas. Of these calls, 127 developed into serious relationships.



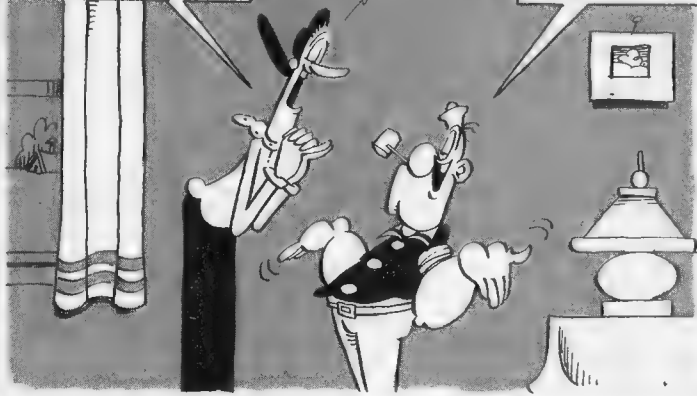
DON MARTIN



LOOKS AT POPEYE

Popeye, do you love me ... or am I too skinny?

Of corpse I loves ya, Olives ... !



I got your pi'tcher tatooed on me arm, don' I?!



OVER 90 BILLION SOLD

BURP

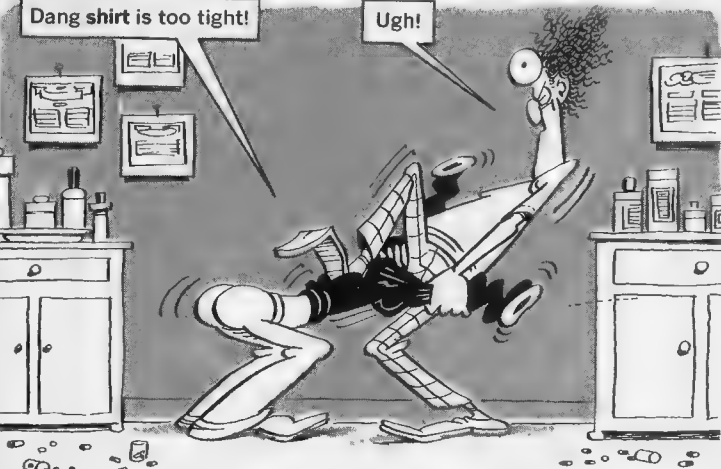


OVER 98 91 BILLION SOLD

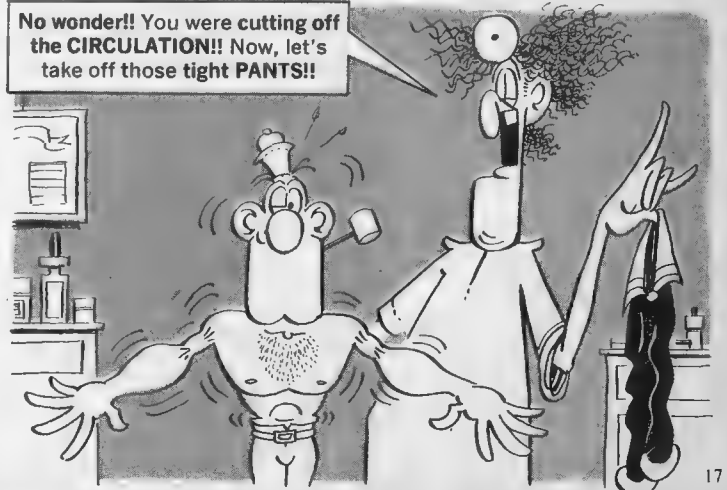


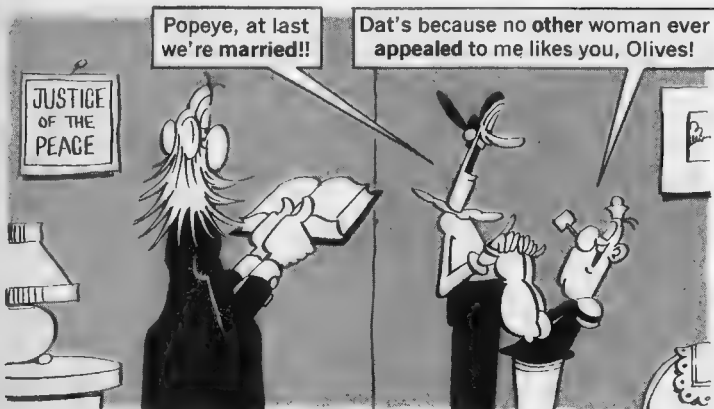
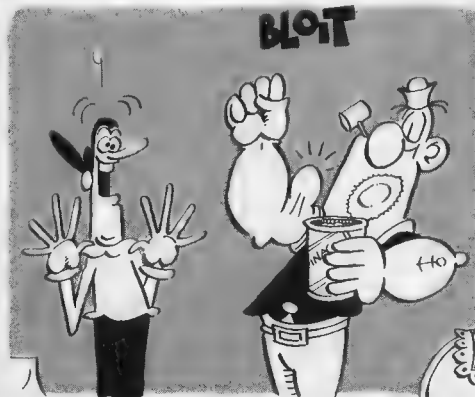
Dang shirt is too tight!

Ugh!



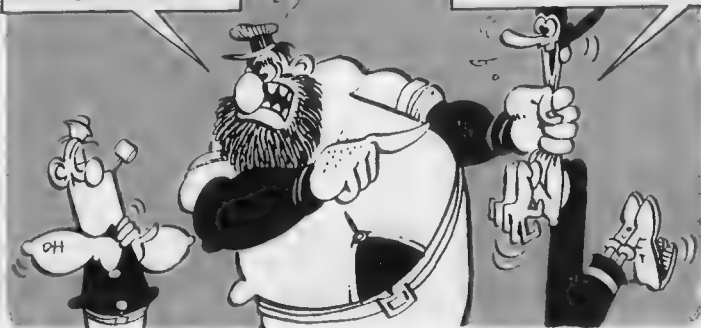
No wonder!! You were cutting off the CIRCULATION!! Now, let's take off those tight PANTS!!



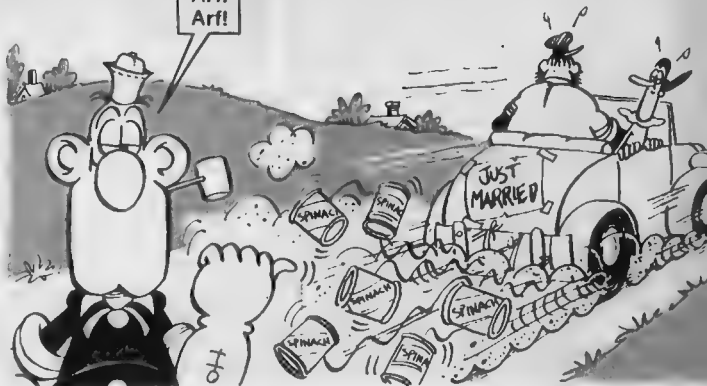


Listen, Runt! I'm takin' your goil friend, an' we're gettin' hitched!!

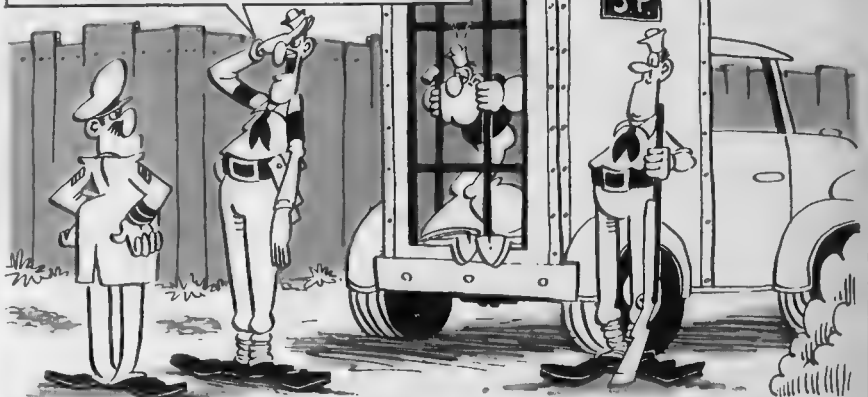
Oh-oh!! Popeye is getting out his can of spinach! NOW, you're in for it!!



Arf!
Arf!



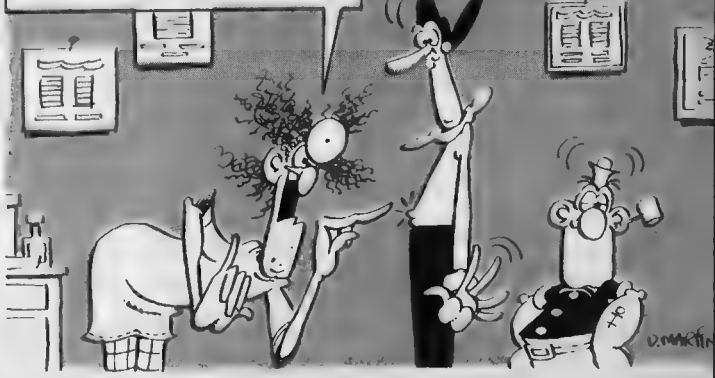
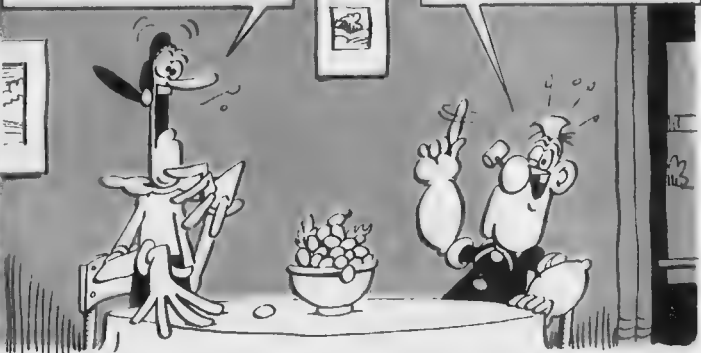
This guy's one for the books, Sir! He's out of uniform, and he's been AWOL for forty years!!



Gulp!! Oh, dear! I swallowed a grape with the pit in it!!

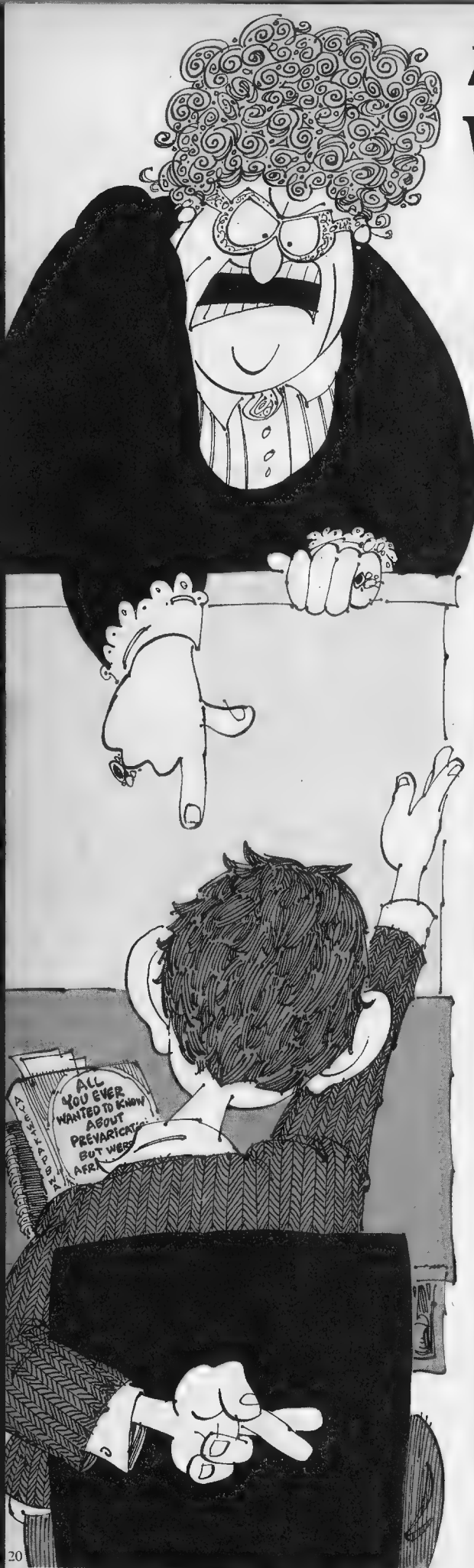
Dat could be dangerisk! I'll take you to the Dockiter!!

Congratulations! I hope it's a boy!!

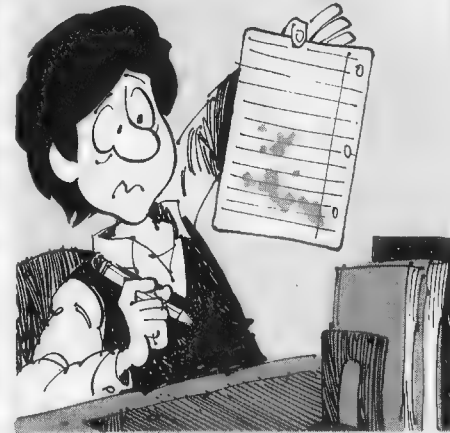


WHY DIDN'T YO

ARTIST: PAUL COKER



You were too depressed by the latest death of a famous Rock Star!



Your father used the last piece of looseleaf in the house as a "pooper scooper" when he walked the dog!



Your analyst was called away on an emergency, and you had to wait in his office the whole evening!



You had to register for the Draft! (Don't try this excuse if you go to an "All Girls' School" idiot!)



You were taking Karate lessons so you can ride in the Tube at night!



You made an evening appointment at a beauty shop for a Bo Derek cornrow hair-styling . . . and you didn't know how long it takes!

THAT TEACHERS JUST MIGHT BUY WHEN THEY ASK...

U DO YOUR HOMEWORK?

WRITER: JOHN FICARRA



On the way home from school yesterday, you were mugged, and they got all your books!



The battery in your pocket calculator went dead, and all the stores were closed!



You dozed off while meditating, and the next thing you knew, it was morning!



You were out all night, looking for your little Brother, who ran away from home again!



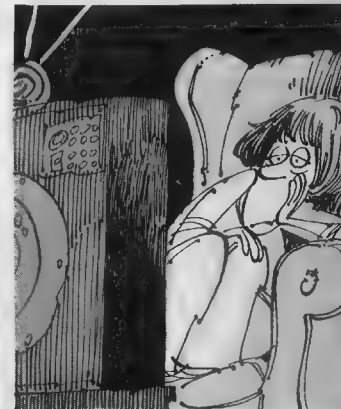
You had to attend your weekly Alcoholics Anonymous meeting!



The air pollution was so bad that your eyes kept tearing, and you couldn't read a thing!



It was your turn to wait in a gas line with the family car!



Last night was the concluding episode of a 22-part Educational TV Series, and you saw the first 21 parts!



You went into one of those "24-hour Banking Centers," and wound up getting locked in the place all night.



You had to be in Court to testify in the custody battle your parents are having over you and your brothers!



You have to work at night so that your family can afford to pay the home heating bills!



You look upon homework as an intrusion upon your "space"!

FROM AD TO VERSE DEPT.

Ever since the old "Guinness Toucan" signs dotted our local highways, rhymes have helped sell products. As someone once said (quite possibly the writer of this article), "It's tough forgetting a rhyme, no matter how rotten it is!" Well, we think it's time Manufacturers got back into "verse" again, and started filling newspapers, magazines, TV screens and hoarding signs with something like these MAD examples of—

RHY

*Do you know me? Not many do;
I'm easily forgettable;
In Washington, I'm lost in crowds,
Which surely is regrettable.*



*I'm sent on lots of nothing trips;
(They're good for looking busy);
But, gosh, no matter where I go,
The natives ask, "Who is he?"*



*I hate it when they see my face
And scratch their heads and guess;
And that is why my credit card's
Am-er-i-can Ex-press.*



*I'm here again-the panakilya man,
And now I'm gonna betcha,
that once you try our great cigars
We know we're gonna getcha!*



*We'll getcha with that smoky smell
That lingers in your nose,
That stays for days in furniture
And gets inside your clothes!*



*We'll also getcha with our tip
On which you're biting down—
Which soon becomes an icky glob
And turns your dentures brown!*



*This jerk just spilled his bowl of soup,
Which could be a disaster;
I'll wipe it up with Bounty Towels—
No other kind works faster!*



*This klutz just overturned her Coke
She ordered with her supper;
I'll clean it up with Bounty—
It's the quicker picker-upper!*



*This clod just spilled a plate of stew
And made an icky mess;
But Bounty's got absorbent strength
That works with great success!*





MINING ADS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

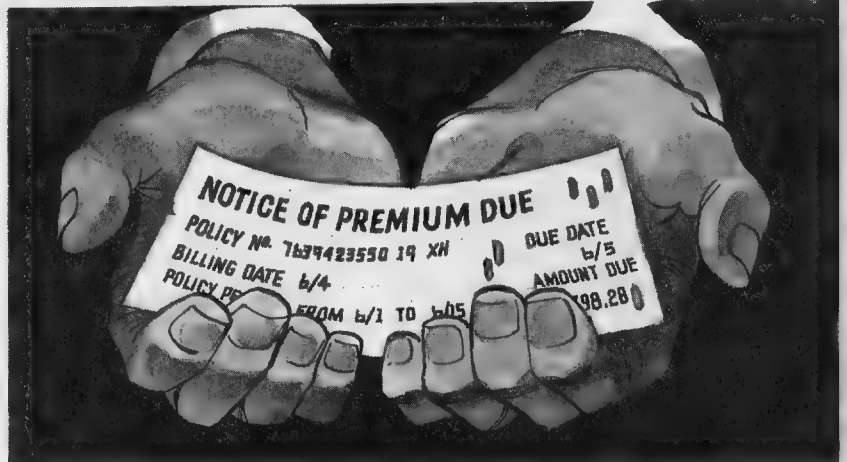
*I don't leave home without my card;
That's why I never sweat it;
I'm glad my name is printed there—
Or else I might forget it!*



*But most of all, we've got one aim
That no one here forgets—
To getcha hooked on cheap cigars
Instead of cigarettes!*



*And that is why I ask myself,
While wiping up the blobs—
"How come the only folks I meet
"Are monumental slobs?"*



*Your life is depressing,
Devoid of all hope,
And you're facing misfortune
And find you can't cope,
And you know that you've come
To the end of your rope.*

*Yes, life's a disaster
With scarcely a thrill,
And it's loaded with trouble
And strictly uphill,
And if it doesn't crush you,
Our premiums will.*

Get the hands of the CRUDENTIAL around you!



*Endorsing cars from Hertz, I know
I'm running with the best;
I'd never let my name be used
With Avis or the rest*

*For Hertz you see, is number one
As everybody knows.
At least that way, it can be said
I keep the others on their toes!*

Hertz Number One In Rent-A-Car



Long Distance is the next best thing
To being there—so give a ring



It lets you talk with cousin Beth,
Whose rotten breath is worse than death!



To cousin Grace in Pentonville
Whose eggplant dinners make you ill!



To brother Charles in Rhos-on-Sea
Whose children kick you in the knee!



To Uncle Mark in Plymouth Sound
Whose handshake makes the room spin round!



To Auntie Kate in Pevensey Bay
Who makes you kiss your fat niece Kay!

**Long Distance is, we do declare,
The next best thing to being there;**

**In fact, from all that we can tell,
It beats a visit all to hell!**

CON-TEL



*At G.E.C. we're making lamps,
Refrigerators, roasters,
Plus ranges, air-conditioners,
And freezers, grills and toasters;
And when you overload your line
From all the volts each uses,
Don't worry when the lights go out—
We're also making fuses!*



When a swimmer's close to dying,
and you're on your knees and trying
Hard to save her, though of life there's not a hint—

Mouth-to-mouth resuscitation
May revive her admiration,
But she'll love you if you've slooshed with Listermint!

... which brings us to that day not too far off when either by design or by accident
we'll look down the road and see in the distance, this — the Ultimate Rhyming Ad —

TREAT YOUR CAT



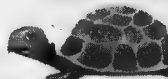
To Miller

Lite

CLOROX BLEACH

Gets Dentures Bright!

TURTLE WAX



STOPS JOCK ITCH FAST!

TOOTSIE ROLLS

ARE BUILT TO LAST!

CUTTY SARK

Protects Your Car!



Levi's

GIVE YOU LOWER TAR!

Banish Gray With

ROLL-ON ban

Keds



NOW IN A SIX-OUNCE CAN!

CHEVY'S GOT

A LIGHTER SMOKE!



CLEANER PEOPLE BATHE WITH

Coke

Schlitz

For Those Who Watch Their Weight!

EX-LAX



Makes The Going Great!

Clark

MELTING THE POT DEPT.

When people want to burn calories to lose weight, they think about strenuous activities like swimming or jogging or tennis. Somehow, they never consider

A MAD GUIDE TO...

BURNING CALORIES

JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS



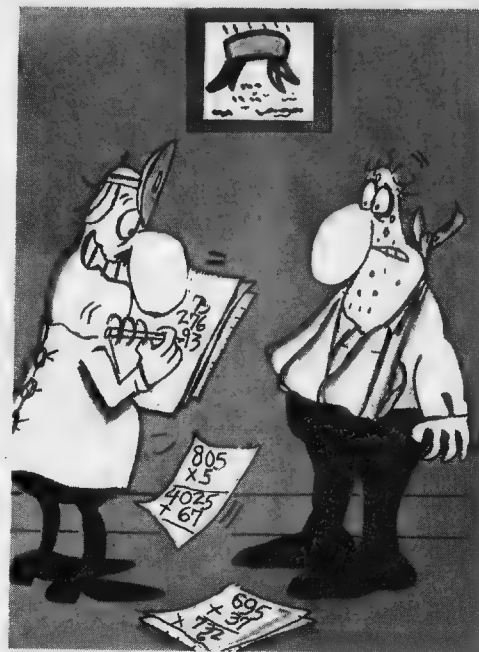
225-350 Calories

EATING CROW



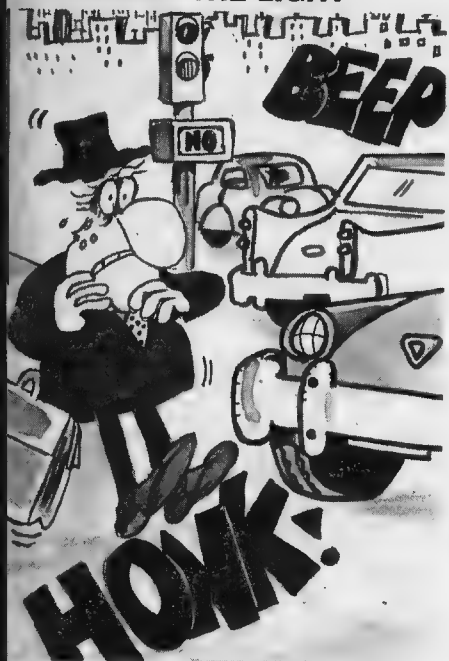
110-175 Calories

SWEATING OUT A DOCTOR BILL



350-475 Calories

CROSSING A STREET AGAINST THE LIGHT



250-325 Calories

WATCHING THE BOSS'S SECRETARY WALK BY



450-575 Calories

CARRYING SUPERMARKET BAGS OUT TO THE CAR



875-1025 Calories

the simple everyday activities that are already burning up plenty of calories.
We'll show you just what we mean as your slightly overweight Editors present:



ES WITHOUT EXERCISE

ARTIST & WRITER: DON EDWING

TAKING A FINAL EXAM



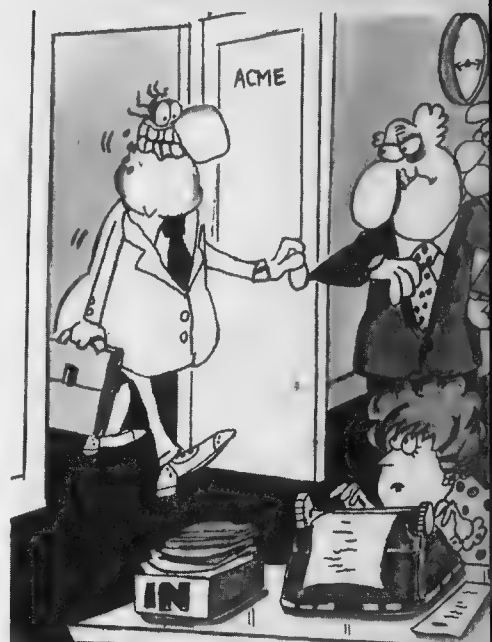
800-1000 Calories

COMMUTING



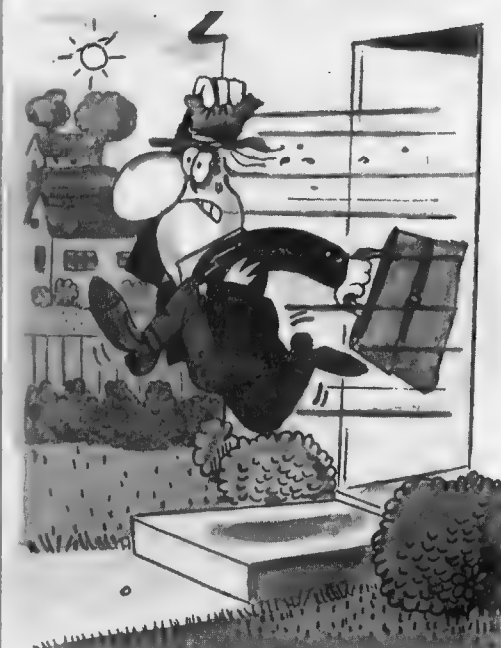
675-800 Calories

GETTING NAILED



75-150 Calories

**LEAVING FOR WORK
FIVE MINUTES LATE**



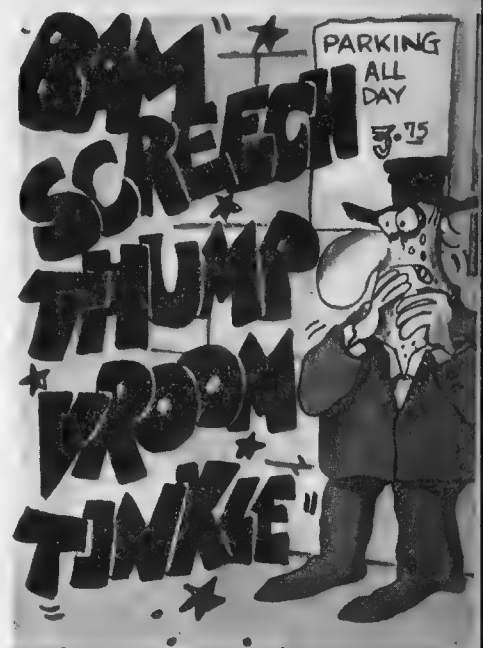
350-425 Calories

**GETTING AN ENVELOPE
FROM THE I.R.S.**



375-450 Calories

**WATCHING A PARKING LOT
ATTENDANT DELIVER YOUR CAR**



525-675 Calories

BEATING AROUND THE BUSH



125-175 Calories

GETTING STUCK FOR THE TAB



180-235 Calories

ASKING FOR A RAISE



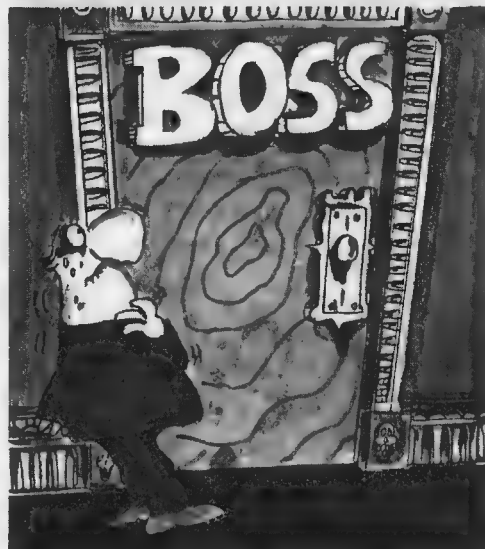
400-500 Calories

LISTENING TO THE NEWS



50-85 Calories

BEING CALLED ON THE CARPET



950-1400 Calories

PUSHING YOUR LUCK



1100-1200 Calories

DUCKING CONFERENCES



150-225 Calories

MERGING ONTO A HIGHWAY

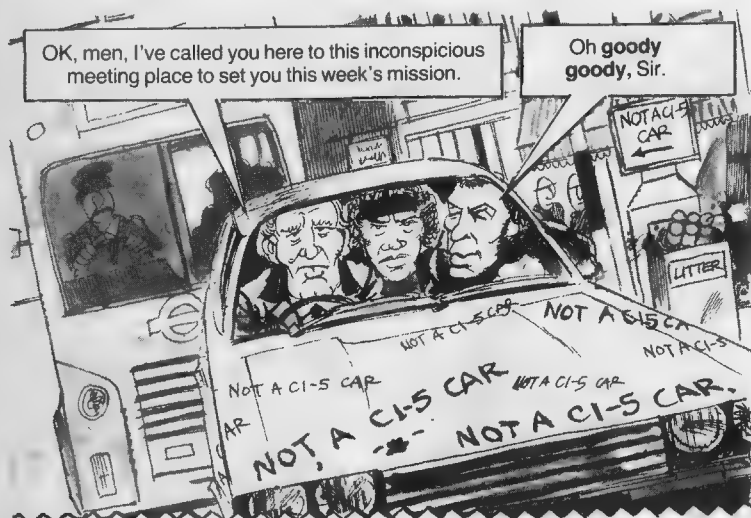
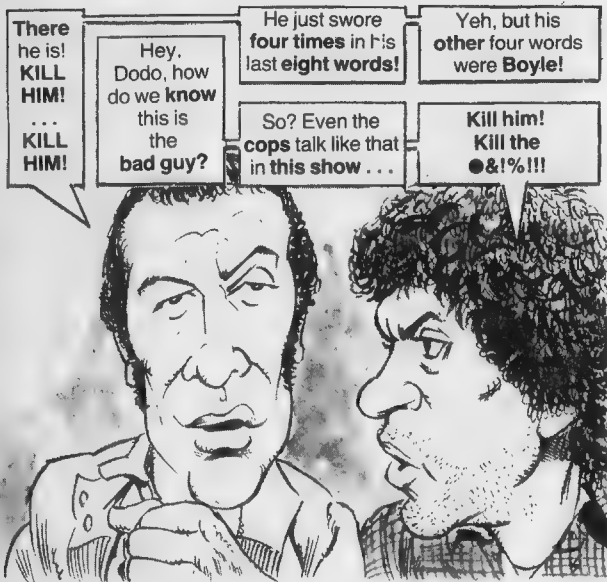


375-450 Calories

GETTING UP IN THE MORNING



200-275 Calories



This mission involves a lot of **personal** danger . . .

If you're **discovered** it will mean **certain death** . . .

And you'll have to sleep with lots of **beautiful women** . . .

That's OK, Sir.

That's OK, Sir.

That's **why** it's OK, Sir!

That's what I like to hear, Dodo. Now, I've got you some **special** inconspicuous disguises . . .

HOW 'BOUT IT THEN? YOUR PLACE OR MINE?!

A black and white cartoon illustration. In the foreground, a police officer in a uniform and cap is questioning a man with curly hair and a mustache. The man is wearing a dark jacket over a shirt and tie. A speech bubble from the man says, "Any questions?". The officer's speech bubble says, "Yes, Sir—do you know the meaning of the word 'inconspicuous'?". In the background, a young boy is holding a handgun, with a "Click!" sound effect next to it. The scene is set outdoors with some foliage visible on the left.

30

Cowpat's given us an impossible job this week—we've got to catch an assassin...

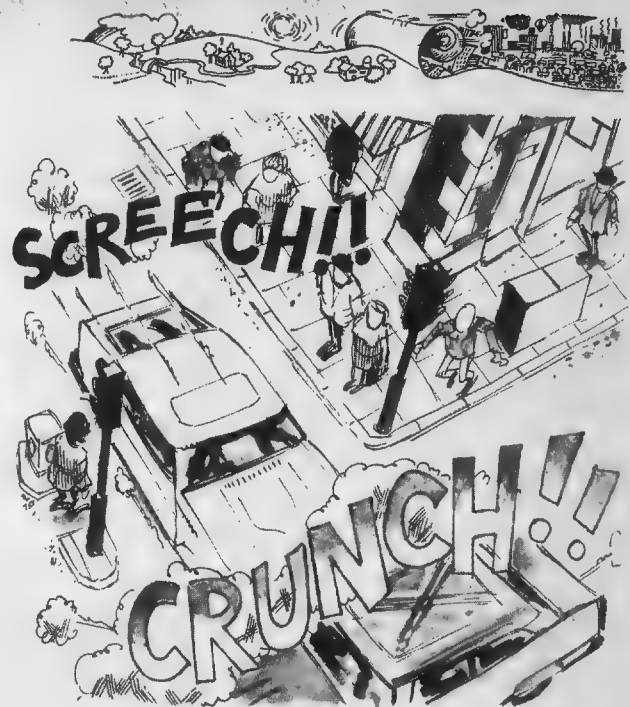
What's so impossible about that?

We don't know who he is, where he is or who he's assassinating...

So? Compared with our usual plots, this's a breeze!



... did you know that twist & jive has been seeing boogie woogie?



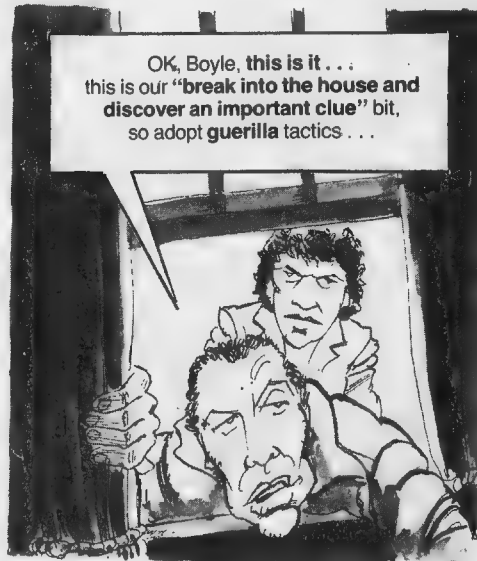
*&'!%! ROADHOGS!! As if we don't have enough trouble with Anus, we gotta run into this crowd!

OK, Boyle, this is it... this is our "break into the house and discover an important clue" bit, so adopt guerilla tactics...

I said guerilla, not gorilla idiot!



Say, foxtrot tango, I thought he was with slow, slow, quick quick slow...



Nothing unusual here—have you found anything yet, Dodo?

Don't I always?

What's that?

Ammunition wrapping!

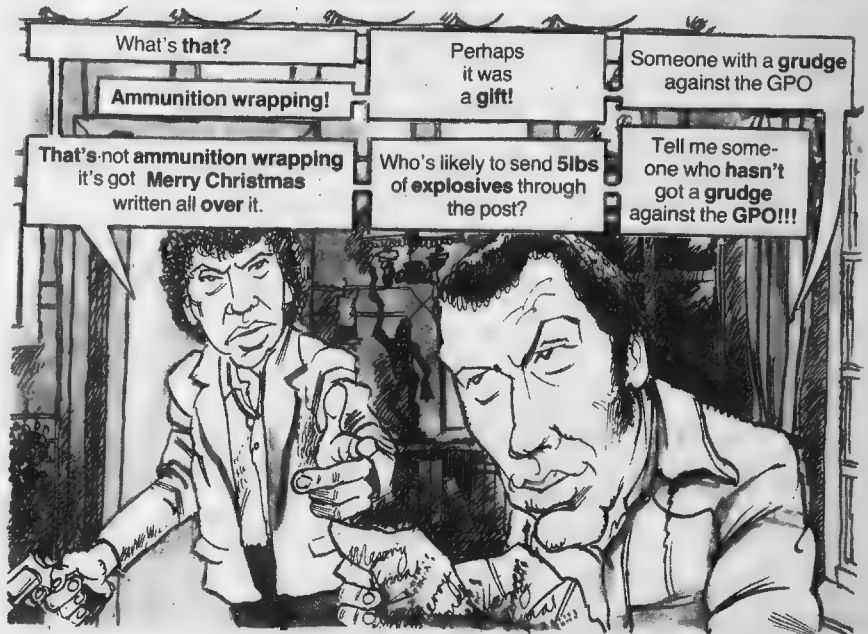
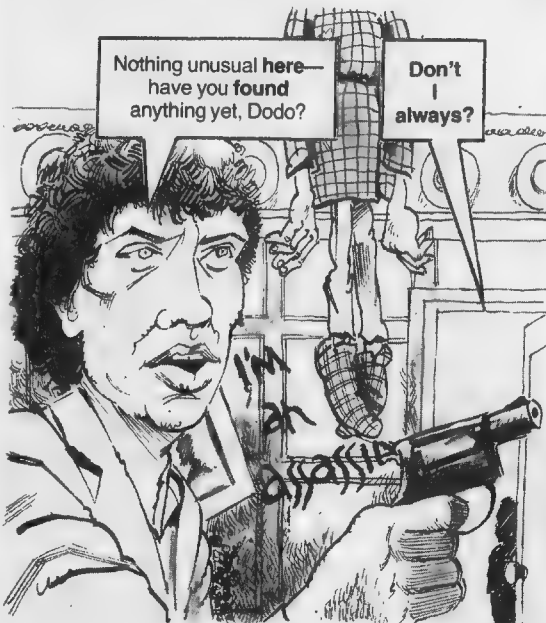
Perhaps it was a gift!

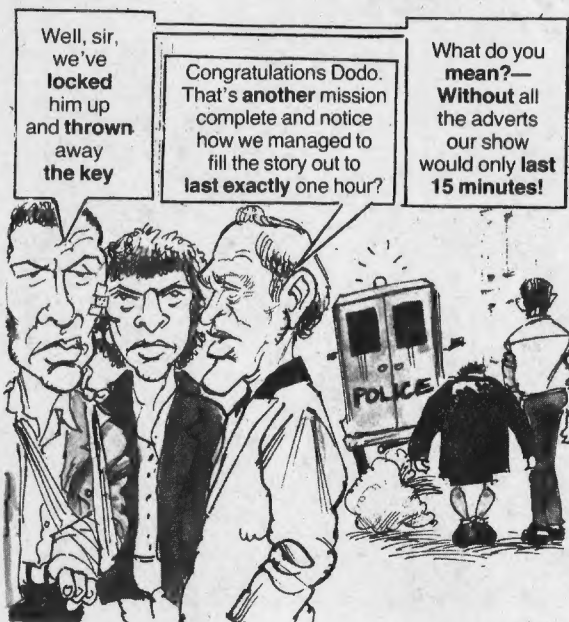
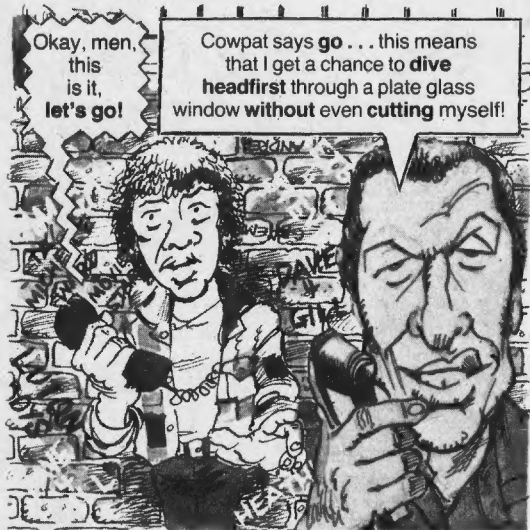
Someone with a grudge against the GPO

That's not ammunition wrapping it's got Merry Christmas written all over it.

Who's likely to send 5lbs of explosives through the post?

Tell me someone who hasn't got a grudge against the GPO!!!





SPY VS SPY



